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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

VOL. IV

JULY 2, 1942

NO. 11

DORR DOINGS

by A/C Gray Stalnaker

Hey, hey, the column actually got a letter. Not fan mail exactly, but at least it was from a girl. Now how do we get to Miami?

Stuff

At the request of many readers (both of them), we found out how Thielhorn lost the end of that finger. Contrary to popular belief that he wore the finger down to a stub beating on soda fountain bars for milk shakes (yeah, we heard it the other way too), we learned that he lost it as an apprentice horsemeat grinder in a dog food factory. Which all goes to prove that Vic has really gone to the dogs.

J. A. Vick asked us to state that he has made only two ground loops, that third one being made by the other Vick. Bragging? Seems the Carlstrom boys made a sad mistake of trying to play Dorr in softball. We hereby challenge the present bunch to a game and promise a worse beating than their friends received. And boy, that was bad.

Lloyd has learned that it doesn't
(Please turn to page 3—col. 4)

The Glorious Fourth!

The party Saturday night at the Macfadden-Deauville will be a special, gala Fourth of July celebration. The "Fly Paper" had intended to personally sponsor the donation of a sparkler to every person attending, but what with war and stuff there ain't no sparklers. But we guarantee you a grand time anyway. Come and celebrate Independence Day with us!

Saturday being a full holiday, you can come early and take advantage of swimming, ping-pong, and so forth, too, before the dinner and dance. Prices are the same: \$1.50 a couple for dinner and dancing, \$1.00 a couple after 9 p. m.



Lieut. Frank H. Beeson, Carlstrom's No. 1 Cadet, pictured here with Captain Len Povey as they examine his identification papers back in '41, was wounded in the arm during the battle of Coral Sea.

CARLSTROM'S FIRST CADET WOUNDED AT CORAL SEA

In a Father's Day cablegram to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Justice Beeson of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Lt. Frank H. Beeson, who received his flight training at Carlstrom, reported that his arm which was wounded in the battle of Coral Sea last month was now "completely restored."

Red-headed Frank was the first American cadet to report for training at Carlstrom, when the Field was established in '41, and received a lot of publicity. His family has known for many months that he was overseas, but had no more definite information.

FLY PAPER SERENADED BY TECHNICAL STUDENTS

Is there something about Sheet Metal that makes you wanna sing? Apparently there is, because at the present writing, the Tech fourth floor boys are giving out with "Old Black Joe" in 12 part harmony!

LOS LATINOS AMERICANOS

The Latin-American is very reserved and does not like to brag about his romantic achievements therefore it is "somewhat difficult" to write a gossip column about them. Nevertheless I'm going to mention some of the things I have seen and some of the things I have grasped as I have gone along.

Editor's Note: This is the first in a series of columns which will be published about the doings of the Latin American cadets at the Tech School. Its author is himself one of the cadets, but has requested us to keep his identity a deep, dark, never-to-be-revealed secret; which we shall do, since he looks dangerous.

It is said that a certain gentleman whose initials are H. G. was very anxious to go swimming one beautiful sunny day, not so long ago, this being a very rare wish! And very much against the principles of Mr. Burton, but something we all like to do. It was necessary in order to get off the "reservation" to think of a good excuse and this gentleman decided upon the dentist, which is a good

(Please turn to page 6—col. 3)

Flash! "Boss" Riddle and Party at Deauville Dance



Honor guests at the Deauville dinner and dance last Saturday night were Boss and Mrs. Riddle, and the members of their party. Pictured above are, left to right, the boss man, Group Captain D. V. Carnegie, Adolfo Montero, Roberto Machado, Group Captain Airey, Harry Guria, Carlos Noriega, and E. E. Carpenter. Seated are Miss Kay Pugson, Jack Hopkins, Ismael Vigil and Mrs. Riddle. Captains Carnegie and Airey, and Miss Pugson are from the British Air Commission in Washington.

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by
EMBRY-RIDDLE



RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE

Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

* * *

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE

Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

* * *

EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION

Miami, Fla.

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO INSTITUTE

Embry-Riddle Field
Union City, Tenn.

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE

Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

* * *

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RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, *Editor*

Paul Prior, Kenny Berry, Nelva Purdon, Ted Taylor, Roger Franklin
Ralph Thyng, Kenneth Milner, Dudley Amoss, Associate Editors

Hello again—like it or not, we're back once more. First, let us thank Kenny Berry for the splendid job he did in our absence. Then, let us announce that Mr. N. S. C. Colley of Blue Flight will take over as Guest Editor for the next two weeks. Finally, let us get on with the Riddle Field news for this week.

A Little Man with a Big Cigar

It's very seldom that you see or hear of a person smoking cigars at the ripe old age of two, but Brooks "Buddy" Ball, son of R. A. Ball, the barber here at the Field, started his smoking career at that age. Buddy is now four, and he averages at least one cigar a day, and has never been ill from smoking them. (That is more than a lot of older people can say).

Buddy has three older brothers, and fortunately, says Mr. Ball, none of them "imbibe" in tobaccos. Buddy's favorite cigar is a "Phillie," and he can always detect the riper, milder tobaccos in this particular brand. (No charge for this free advertising).

So here we see Buddy Ball, the little man, with a big cigar:



Personal Prattle

Roscoe Brinton, Basic Flight Instructor, is enjoying his wife's vacation almost as much as she is.

LOST — At Riddle Field — a Kelly Field class ring, high sentimental value. Reward when returned to Mr. Durden at the Administration Building.

Why is it that Lelia Brannan blushes at the word "giraffe?"

Your Editor has been happy to have his mother, Mrs. Roy Hopkins of Huntingburg, Indiana, as his guest for the past two weeks.

Jeannette Eastman of Miami is here observing the activities of the Link Department. Miss Eastman will be connected with Link work in the Embry-Riddle organization.

Construction of a band shell and

patio just east of the mess hall is progressing rapidly, and should be completed soon.

Roger Weeks and Douglas Day are taking the Link Instructor refresher course.

The barracks and other buildings on the field have been repainted during the past week, and needless to say, this improvement has added much to the appearance of the buildings.

Mickey Lightholder, who has been Link instructor here for several months, was transferred to the Union City Field the past week. Mickey was also an expert cartoonist for the FLY PAPER, and his work will continue from his new headquarters. Lots of good luck, Mickey.

Miami Weekend

Just returned from a fine weekend in Miami. Arrived at the Tech School in good order Saturday afternoon and bumped into Syd Burrows. Syd was busy escorting an Army officer through the recently acquired Riddle property in Coral Gables, but found time to help us on a bus and lend us his coat. Then on to the Macfadden-Deauville, a quick swim and ready for the party. At the party we had the great honor and privilege of meeting Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Riddle and Group Captain Carnegie of the R.A.F. Delegation at Washington. Swimming all day Sunday and then on Sunday evening we were guests of

Bud Belland and his sisters, Miss Ethel and Miss Charlotte at a steak fry, with Editor Bud doing a fine job as chef. Then back to Riddle Field Monday morning with Dud Leftwich.

Mr. C. W. Tyson, our general manager, has been ill the past few days. Everyone here wishes him a speedy recovery. He is at St. Francis Hospital on Miami Beach for a general check up.

New Moving Picture Equipment

New equipment for the showing of the bi-weekly movies at Riddle Field has been obtained and is now in operation. Previously, the sound for these pictures was very poor, but with the new equipment, this entertainment is fast becoming one of the most popular features of the Field.

Kenny Berry has taken over the supervision of the flicks, and he announces that the pictures will start promptly at 8:15 on Monday and Thursday evenings. The pictures are shown in the ground school, and the admission is only 10c. For weekly programs notice the schedule elsewhere in the FLY PAPER. Everyone, Cadets and civilians alike, are invited to attend these shows.

Distinguished Visitors

Group Captains Carnegie and
Continued on Next Page

*Confucius say if man would fly
And earn an airman rating
Should keep his mind up in the sky
And not in dissipating*

PROGRAM

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

Feature Picture

"ACROSS THE BORDER"

Monday, July 6th—Riddle Field

Tuesday, July 7th—Dorr Field

Wednesday, July 8th—Carlstrom Field

Thursday, July 9th—Miami Technical Division

★ ★ ★ ★

Feature Picture

"RAIN"

Thursday, July 9th—Riddle Field

Friday, July 10th—Dorr Field

Monday, July 13th—Miami Technical Division

*For exact time and place, see your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents*

Aircrew from the R.A.F. Delegation in Washington, D. C., were distinguished visitors at the Field a few days last week. Group Captain Carnegie is the Director of training of all the British Flight Training Schools in the United States.

Captain Carnegie was present at the Colour Hoisting parade last Friday morning, and remarked that it was the "snappiest" parade he had seen at any of the British Flight Training Schools.

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

CADET CHATTER

Someone asked us to ask you to ask, oh well, anyway, we're supposed to ask Johnny Cutton of Yellow Flight what makes the whistle blow in Miami.

And speaking of Yellow Flight, two of that lot have gone into the study of the latest styles. After a careful survey in Miami the past week-end, they found what they describe as the latest R.A.F. fashions, and very kindly exhibit them for us in the following pictures. We won't mention any names, but we think you might recognize them:



Why is it that certain members of Blue Flight are interested in a Mr. and Mrs. John Smith of Ft. Meyers?

A new, low rate on cablegrams to England has been announced. Complete information may be obtained at the A. D.'s room.

Green Flight seems to be "in the groove" at the Field now, and while a little late—welcome, fellows!

And incidentally, our reporter for Green Flight is Dudley Amoss, a Yank in the R.A.F., who is quite an experienced journalist.

Catherine Minges, R.A.F. stenographer, has asked Squadron Leader Burdick for an expense account after several telegrams had to be sent last week to recover a wrist watch mailed for repairs.

Then there was the Cadet from Red flight, who evidently didn't know the difference between a buck private and a Lieutenant in the American Army. The scene—the road junction just outside Hialeah. Three sorry looking Cadets wearily eyeing a jeep which bounds along on all fours. One enterprising Cadet hopefully thumbs the driver (a buck private, so the Cadet thinks). Says our subject, "How far ya goin, bud?" pause, "Oh my gosh, I beg your pardon SIR, I didn't notice those bars!" (Profuse saluting which we are told was not too smart.) However, the Lieutenant had a good laugh, and invited the three to jump in and they had the unique experience of hitching in an American Army jeep.

Alec Muttock of Blue Flight recommends a dip in the sea at 2:00 A. M. almost any morning to cure anything that ails you.

Word was received this week that Robert A. Watkins had been lost in a recent ship sinking off the Atlantic Coast. Watkins is a brother to Bill Watkins of Red Flight and Woody Watkins of Blue Flight, and we want to express our sympathies to the boys and their family in this tragedy.

G. Rossi, Red Flight, Harry Ingram and Ronald Waterkyn, Green Flight, were confined to the infirmary this past week.

Several week-ends ago, Flight Instructor Bob Walker and several of his former students got together in Miami for a fishing trip. And brother, they really pulled in the fish—340 pounds of it, including two sailfish. You don't have to take their word for it either, for they have produced a picture that is definite proof.

Below we see them and their catch:



Left to right—L. A. Baker, J. W. Twelftree, Sgt. Frank Pegg, all of Blue Flight; Instructor Bob Walker and two other boys from Miami who made the trip.

Man of the Week

Mr. K. J. Walters, Steward in Charge of the Mess Hall, is doing honors as Man of the Week for this issue.

Mr. Walters was born on November 23, 1892, in Baltimore, Maryland. He attended high school at Sunbury, Pa., and attended the University of Pennsylvania. After graduation, Walters became a member of the United States armed forces then engaged in World War No. 1. After the armistice, he was associated with



the Air Corps at Mitchell Field, after which he was manager of the United States Shipping Board, Philadelphia District.

At this time, Mr. Walters became connected with various hotels and restaurants, having charge of the buying and preparation of the foods. He has had valuable experience in some of the larger hotels in the country and Embry-Riddle was indeed fortunate to secure his services on December 10, 1941. He was stationed here at Riddle Field then, and has since established a strong organization in his department.

In 1923 he married Miss Susan Jenkins of Washington, D. C. They have no children.

Physically, our Man of the Week is 5' 10" tall, weighs 190 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. He is extremely interested in his work, and with food prices now very high and a shortage in certain lines of foods, he has done an excellent job in serving the type meals available at the mess hall, and at a very reasonable price, too.

Here is a picture of our Man of the Week:

LATINOS-AMERICANOS

(Continued from page 1)

excuse but does not bring much results. Isn't that true, Mr. Burton? Anyway, Mr. Burton arranged for an appointment with the dentist and the poor cadet was forced to sit in the dentist chair much against his wishes. With many protests from the patient who knew all his teeth were in good shape, the dentist pulled two of his molars which resulted in the would-be swimmer spending his time gargling and missing the good times swimming over the week-end as he should have done.

Roberto Machado who romances at night as he is always sleeping in the day time has suffered a bad set-back in his latest endeavor! Understand that Senor Geoghegan also has had trouble along this same line recently and that he is attracted to American young ladies, especially pretty blond ones, because of their girth.

Combining nationalities, we have the case of two American young men, one an instructor and one a student combining their efforts in wooing the same attractive young lady employed on the first floor and the Argentine student who has his tongue in his cheek as he seem to be getting the best of it.

We are wondering what the outcome will be regarding the two young ladies in the employ of the School who like very much the two young men from Uruguay, one of whom cannot decide what to do but the other, yes, courting his damsel two or three times a week!!

Notice Latin-Americans!

Jitney Service from the Dormitory to the Macfadden-Deauville—see Lucille alias La Tia for further arrangements.

Never—never cross control
If you wish to save your soul!

CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

EAGER BEAVER CHATTER

by Dragwire

Dere Bud:

Shucks, 'Twarn't Nothin'

I wanta thank you fer that weddin' present you finally sent me and congratulate you on savin' so many soap cupons so's you could get it. Honest, it was gettin' to be shameful to have all them oranges goin' to waste jest 'cause I was too lazy to squeeze the juce outa them. With your new jucer, howsomever, there will be plenty of juce flowin' outa our kitchen. Thanks again.

I also wanta congratulate you on gettin' your commission in the Navy. At last you are somethin' I can be proud of, and I can't wait to see how you look in a uniform. You better have them make the waistline a little slim, as after the Navy gets through with you, you won't have that little pot-belly no more. It's gonna feel funny, callin' you "Lieutenant," but we can get used to anything if we got enuf time. But who's gonna take care of the FLY PAPER after you leave? You know, if your successor is too intelligunt, I won't be able to write any more of these here letters. Besides, may be he don't have your sence of humor; then where'll I be?

High Jinks

Speakin' of leavin', the Carlstrom Adonis—Bob Boyle—is gone up to Union City to instruct at the new school up there. Bob, y'know, is the handsomest man workin' fer Embry-Riddle, and there is more broken hearts in Arcadia now that he is leavin' than you could fix with a "Love-lorn Advice" column.

Howsomever, let me make a little predickshun here: he will have a very able successor in Harry Newnam, one of our Grind School boys. Paull Dixon flew his sister Anne over from Tampa the other day fer a weekend here. We put her up at my place 'cause I got a extry room (the same one you slept in, but we aired it out good since). When she got here Friday evenin' we wasn't home, so Paull took her to his place where she stayed with his wife, Betty. We seen Paull later wanderin' around town with a toothbrush in his pocket, lookin' fer a place to spend the night. We took him in and Anne came over the next day. Now, here's what I'm gettin' around to. We throwed

"... And MEMORIZE IT, Mister!"



Carlstrom Field—Pore Dick Hiss, class of 42-K at Carlstrom. As if it warn't enough that the upperclassmen make him brace and generally toe the mark, Dick's Miami 'friends' in the Main Office seem to think they have the 'educational' privilege, too. Here Bill Liveredge, Bucky Buxton, "Bruz" Carpenter, and Bob Hillstead point out the obvious beauties of the Embry-Riddle sign on a company station wagon.

a wienie roast in our backyard in the little gal's honor, and invited the De Bors, the Dixons, Bill Gracey, Joe Woodward and Harry Newnam.

Life of the Party

Well, it wasn't long before Harry assumed full responsibility fer Anne, and I mean he done a good job. We all went over the Pilots' Club afterwards fer refreshments and some dancin' and Harry showed us what a real cosmopolite (aint that word a humdinger?) he is. Y'know, Anne is a perffessional dancer anyhow, but Harry taught her a coupla steps she never heard of or seen either. On top of that, he done a slight of hand trick with a handkerchief to demonstrate a joke that was a honey. I'll show it to you sometime.

Sunday we all went to Dixons fer dinner. It was a good one, except that Betty fergot to change the tea leaf she'd been usin' last week, and the ice tea wasn't as strong as it coulda been. Then we spent the afternoon at the swimmin' pool where Paul De Bor was still shiverin' from the cold bath his wife made him take when he got home Saturday night. It seems like he had to teach a Sunday school class and she wanted him to be in top form when he did.

Visitters

Well, that about winds up the

weekend, so I'll tell you what's happened earlier in the week. Our former C. O. Lieut.-Colonel Donovan dropped in fer a few days with a Major A. C. Parkman. I guess Col. Donovan had been braggin' about what a swell place this is, and the major wanted to see it. Well, everybody was glad to see them, and we hope they come to see us soon again.

By the way, Bud, we got some changes in the administration here that you might like to know about. Nate Reece is now assistant to Len Povey, and his old job of bein' assistant to Jack Hunt is now bein' filled by Mr. Bob Bullock. Bob is a native Arcadian and has a good reputation fer gettin' jobs done right, so it looks like we got the right guy. Nate sure needed an assistant, as overwork was gettin' him down—even to ridin' bicycles backwards.

I also heard that Howard Wade is now in the Navy at Corpus Christi, Texas, where he is instructin'. We're sorry to see Howard go, as he was purty well liked by everybody around here, so if you ever run acrost him while you're in the Navy, tell him we're thinkin' of him. Our old pals, Lloyd Lampman and Lee Hipson were in town over the weekend, shakin' hands with everybody. They ran into Captain Ola and Lieutenant Clonts down at the pool, but the Army boys couldn't get them to go swimmin'.

News of 42-K at Carlstrom

Ah yes! here it is time for 20 hour checks. Worry, worry! If it's not one thing it's something worse, but let me tell you in brief, the story of our coming to Carlstrom.

Story of 42-K

'Twas the day after pay day and there were some umteen eleven of us men all packed, catalogued, numbered and marched to a siding at Gunter Field. There we mounted our trusty "wreck of the old 94" (top speed 40 m. p. h. down hill, this is) and after much puffing and groaning started on our way to sunny Florida.

Believe me, you never saw a funnier sight than a trainload of cadets taking over a town and stripping it of all eatables, leaving more money behind than the town ever saw before, and all in seven or eight minutes. Not one town but several between Arcadia and Montgomery. The engineer never gave us a crack at a town of more than 9,000 people, so we were pretty hungry when we hit Arcadia. There was quite a bit of money changing hands very rapidly on the train too. But what was funniest was to see two grown men trying to sleep in a lower berth with the soot piling up under the small of the back. Anyway we arrived in Arcadia, intact and also in the rain. Sunny Florida, no rain in two months, but let 42-K come in and it rains. We never miss.

Continued on Next Page

Fore!

Oh, yeah, I'm supposed to tell you that a golf team composed of experts from Carlstrom and Dorr Fields will meet whatever Clewiston has to offer on Sunday July 12, at Clewiston. Accordin' to Sid Pfluger, his team of ten will rub the Clewiston noses into the fairways, as his boys are shotmakers from way back. I'd jest like to say that we breed a very high grade of athlete here in Arcadia as you will recall from a certain softball game, so watch out for the golfers.

Bud, that's about all I can think of right now, except fer one thing: I jest can't picture you in the Navy. Why, I remember the times I've seen you standin' on the Deauville cabana porch seasick as the devil, jest lookin' at the ocean in front of you. Ahhh, me.

Ankers away, chum, and good luck. JACK.

Brace, Mister

Then when we were so graciously received at the Field here by our upperclass !!! Graciously means, "Get that brass off your collar, Mister." "Brace." "Wipe that smile off, mister"—Oh, for the life of an underclassman; didn't last long though.

You know we used to think we worked hard at Maxwell, but brother, what we didn't know! Most of us stay tired here. Don't get me wrong, naturally, with a bunch of cadets there is bound to be some fun, but at a primary school there is also plenty of work. Reveille, breakfast, flying lunch, classes, athletics, supper, study and taps. You can sleep fairly late in the morning as long as it's not later than 6 A. M.

Sh-h-h

After a couple of weeks the solos started and now twenty hour checks—and all along the way is the thing we dread but all can't avoid: "washout." We all extend a hand to the boys who have gone by the "propwash" so far and know they will be the best bombardiers and navigators that ever flew.

The first of our group in the news for last week is D. R. "Groundloop" Downs who never again will use left rudder to compensate for torque and A. O. "S. D." Celine who knows what to do with a broom. Then there's G. Beyer with his fan mail from Arcadia; Buddy Kilgore trying to meet Joyce T.; Elrod and Guebbs first to pass 20 hour checks, and a lot of the boys on three-day passes?

To end up for this week we want to give our best wishes to each and everyone of Class 42-J for their continued success in Basic. A first class bunch of "hot pilots."

Till next week.

Ed. Note: Following is the column written for last week by Dragwire. It arrived too late, and missed our deadline, so we include it, a little late, now.

With the inauguration of a column for Class 42-K should come the story of how this class arrived at Dorr and Carlstrom Fields, or of the trials and tribulations of an experimental class. But due to lack of time this week the chatter will be rather soft and eventually will grow to be a "big noise."

Solos

The week started off with many solos. Among the first to solo were Larry Coy, Buddy Elrod, Grady Bishop, Bud Grubbs and a



few others whose names cannot be recalled at present; the honor of first to solo will have to be split because no one knows definitely who was the first. Now, there are so many soloing that all cannot be mentioned.

Tough, But O-oh So Gentle!

Speaking for the majority we are all pleased to be at such a beautiful school as R.A.I. and hope to finish here. Having talked to cadets from many other fields, though we are gradually realizing that this is probably the toughest school in the country, so we know that if we finish here we will have very little trouble with Basic and Advanced. Our Instructors are a patient lot. The ground school crew is a lot of fun, believe me. It seems odd to learn so much in such a pleasant way. "Crankshaft" Hobler is the ring-leader I think but along with him are "Longeron" De Bore, "Cumulo Nimbus" Moser, "Comic Projection" Woodward and others whom I have not had the pleasure of meeting yet.

We also have our bugaboos too, Monday night inspection. No matter how much one scrubs and dusts and sweeps, the inspecting officer can always find something we forgot. It's not amusing either, the tour line Saturday night and Sunday may look impressive but is no fun when the boys could be in Sarasota (now there's a place) or in Arcadia. Then there's the mascot, a wornout bird dog who answers to "Ground Loop," but you should hear it howl during retreat.

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

by Bill Linkroum

Oh! The Little Breezes

In case you are looking for the Seaplane base gang, we are down in the hurricane cellar reading "Gone With The Wind." Last Thursday, much to our dismay and horror, three of our Cubs were badly mistreated by a freak twister. In fact, they were literally sprayed all over our new lawn. At this writing, Ad Thompson and one of our heads from Tech are out searching for new equipment around Palm Beach way and from all reports, we will have some new ships in a few days.

New Faces

Charlie Stahler has five new arrivals in ground school: Josephine Paris, Wilma Moore, Kay Wice and Connie and Denise Caravassius. These girls all expect to take up flying and continue through their Private Pilot's rating. Connie and Kay are flying now, but the other girls want to get their ground school cleared up first. Quite a bevy for you to handle alone, Charles!

Adios Amigos

Several of our friends and students having completed their time with us have bid us a fond farewell. Captains Hilliard and Carr have been transferred from Miami to parts undisclosed. We are sorry to have them go as they were always very punctual and apt students. Mr. J. E. Russell, the kind donor of our present sailboat, left for New York and back to work.

CHILEAN CADETS EXPRESS THANKS

Destiny tragically stole the existence of a young man without peer as friend, son or comrade—ARCHIBALD EVANS.

We received with his sudden death a hard shock that left a veil of gloom in our souls. Far away from our home country, we eleven Chileans weren't alone in our mourning. We had beside us many people that kindly did their best in order to make easier the hard test we were passing through.

Among all the people we had the sincere and valuable help of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation that at every moment gave us assistance and offered as posthumous homage to our late comrade, beautiful flowers that with their perfume symbolized the true friendship that the United States of America feels toward the Latin-American Countries.

So we want to thank heartily Embry-Riddle School, its president and personnel for everything they did to help us and the sincere demonstration of sympathy we received at our friend Archibald Evan's tragic end.

The Chilean Inter-American Cadets

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

Mr. Russell was one of Ad's students and having him with us for awhile was most pleasant. Best of luck to all of you.

Remark of the Week

One of our students on viewing the results of last weeks storm remarked to yours truly, "Bill, I thought you said that if you just let a Cub fly itself, it would do a better job than I could" Grrrr! One, two, three, four . . .

Willie Whitehead was in the maintenance shop when the storm hit, but not for long. As he put it, "When the roof started to lift up, it was time for me sho' to make time out of there." Willie has seen lots of famous Florida blows, but never one as peculiar as that one.

Pinch-Hitter

Our trusty Stinson Reliant has stepped in nicely during the little lull in our flying and again is actively participating in the Civil Air Patrol. She has been completely overhauled and had a new radio installed. Its good to see her active again. You just can't keep us down. We always have an answer for any situation.

DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN

Ed Morey, Editor

We were paid a surprise visit this past week by an old friend of the family, Colonel Donovan, once C. O. of Carlstrom Field. The Colonel, accompanied by friend Major Parkham, flew down here from Washington, D. C.

New Faces

Every week we try to bring you the who's who in the latest developments. This week we bring you three handsome lieutenants from Maxwell Field, Lt. C. F. Warden, Lt. G. P. Charpie and Lt. M. B. McDade, who will take up duties here as assistant air corps supercisors.

Hooray for Our Team

Well, the showdown finally came. Yes indeed, ever since the cadets in this here upper class have arrived, the boys of Carlstrom field (upper class) have been a-braggin how good they were. In recent softball games, a new light came on when Dorr field's A squadron piloted by "Sgt." York piled up a box score of 25-12 against Carlstrom. The B squadron (Dorr Field), coached from behind the plate by (Cobb-town) Hensly, tramped home plate into the dirt 16 times while Carlstrom's boys touched it only five times.

Pep Meeting Turns Out to be Gala Occasion

After all the ear bending and debating of the pro's and con's in regards to canteen problems were dispersed, the girls were delighted to hear that a surprise party was being held afterward. Mrs. Lottie Hampton, who was guest of honor, was overwhelmed when lusty voices were raised singing "happy birthday, dear Lottie."

The party was quite eventful with music, dancing, singing and orations, including the traditional birthday cake with candles (which Lottie with one hefty blow, doused, making her wish come true). The evening concluded with refreshments.

Could it be the popular young Miss Marjorie Roberts, who has recently left Dorr Field for Texas, is probably the cause of so many long faces hanging on the cadets?

We were pleasantly surprised by a short visit payed to us by Miss Lynn Fox of Miami, who is Mr. U. J. Hiss' assistant.

"97-Pound Weakling"



Dorr Field—Johnny Hamilton, one of Dorr's five physical directors, nicknamed "King Kong" on account of size, sits on the steps of the Ad building and modestly shows us a few muscles.

Track 'Em Down

We been wondering for quite some time how these physical instructors keep their belt buckles so well glossed. Could it be finger nail polish? Fess up, youse guys.

Winning Streak

Yes sir! The "Dorr Knobs" sure are going strong. They boast the best softball team on the peninsula. This team is composed of Lt. Pinkerton, Capt. Boyd, Capt. Bentley, Lt. Phillip, Lt. Folan and several others.

Their latest victory was that over Dorr Eagles, 24-11. Come on, gang, how's about some competitish.



Here Lieut. Jennings, Dorr Field Physical Director, is performing one of his cute stunts. Just to keep in trim.

CANTEEN FOUNTAIN SPECIAL

Week of July 6th
Orange Blossom Sundae
15 Cents

DORR DOINGS—

(Continued from page 1)

cost anything to stay at Sarasota. All you need is a friend in the M. P.'s . . . We have our own Lil' Abner here at Dorr, and he's one ground loop up on the one in the funnies. Incidentally, if the other one could see our boy in calisthenics, he'd go back to Dogpatch and hide.

Wheeler claims that black eye was obtained in a softball game, but the boys say she tells a different story . . . If you've noticed the cadets getting extra eager in those daily calisthenics, it's because they've seen what muscles can do for a man. Or have you noticed the way Hamilton draws the women? Hey, fella!

Credits

The gold-plated ax handle for the best boner of the week goes to Butter-Ball Thompson, one of the few men to ever do a climbing spin. Seems the Butter forgot to neutralize the stick on a spin recovery, and ended up spinning in the wrong direction. Instructor Brown may be interviewed after his rest cure. We can just see Butter sitting there with those big jowls flapping in the wind. And they tell us the OPM is after him for hoarding that 600-16 he carries around with him . . . This column hangs a big OK on Lt. Folan. After raising (censored) with us for getting our chutes wet, he complimented us when we took care of them in the next big rain. We think that's doing it the right way.

More Stuff

If you're wondering why Bailey is such a man's man, look at that picture of his wife. And he joined the army! Skip and wife will be Young-stering next month. Jaques Snyder, who dodged the Gestapo and police all the way from France to Portugal, found, to the tune of 25 tours, that our local guards are a bit too tough to get by. Hey, Himmler, want a few lessons?

We're sincerely sorry to see some of the fellows going back to Maxwell, they've been swell friends.

So Long

And friends of ours, from whom we part

Along the paths of life,

We'll meet once more, and still take heart

That friendships last beyond the strife of war.

MENTIONING MUNICIPAL

by James Gilmore and
"Panther" Fouche

We see by the FLY PAPER that we're supposed to write a column. Well, we're honored enough, but also a little worried, as to date not having had any dual time on this sort of thing. You see, Bud, this is the same as if you were to point out a P-40 on the line, ready to go, and say "fly it." We'd try to fly it, but in either case anything could happen. Then again—don't know what to write or how to say it. Of course we might say—

Free Cokes

Well, kids, yesterday Hal Ball took and passed the Instrument Flight Test, and as is the custom set us up to cokes. Immediately after Hal was given the O. K. nod by Mr. Hutchins, Harry Whipple took over and did a repeat act. Both of these fellows are very happy as anyone would be. And, Bud, we could say that William McGrath passed the Flight Test for Private License. Everybody knows how busy Captain Bargin and Mr. Gibbons are these days, so can't say much about them except that if you see a blurred figure dashing by, it's likely to be either the Captain or Mr. G.

Hugo, Baffels, and Tulula

Now, Bud, you begin to see what we mean, don't you? We could say something about Hugo, Baffels or Tulula. But why — as everybody knows about Hugo, Baffels and Tulula. In case you haven't heard about Hugo, Baffels and Tulula, they belong to Helen Cavis and Mary Brooks. Hugo is getting longer and longer, so by now you can tell what kind of a dog he is. As soon as his bark gets a little stronger, he will be a tough assistant to Ted Hunter, the Guard. Bud, you'd better wear your identification card when you come out, or Hugo won't let you in. Since we have gone this far, we might as well tell you about Tulula. Tulula is Hugo's sister. Tulula is just as shy and timid as her brother is bold. And Baffels, well, he is the cocker who belongs to Mary, and he is just a bewildered bystander.

Model Airplane

By the way, Bud, we know you have heard of how Dinky Eastman won a national contest with the model airplane she built. Think of it, Bud—a little model with retractable langing gear, controll-

able pitch propeller, and movable controls; all these are maneuvered from the cockpit. She even stitched the fabric on the wings.

Wheels Or Floats

We've all been expecting a visit from the Stinson at the Seaplane base when we notice the lake outside the hangar door each rainy afternoon. The Coast Guard landed a Grumman Utility Amphibian here in the middle of one of our lesser showers, and it was hard to tell whether they landed on the wheels or floats.

Dave Burch was conspicuous by his absence Friday. There was also much concern as to the whereabouts of one of our Wacos. The mystery was cleared up when we found that most of Dave's students were due for solo flights Friday and they (students, Waco, and Dave) spent the day at Seminole.

Wonderful Time

Capt. Burgin called a "pilots' meeting" at the Seven Seas Friday evening and Municipal instructors were there en toto. The whole affair was a great success and everyone had a wonderful time (including "Jungle Jim" Pollard, whether he knows it or not). We never realized Capt. Burgin was such an understanding person until Friday night.

Kitten's Muddy Nose

Most of us know that "Lady Halitosis," of Zack Mosely fame cracked up Sunday—but what some of us don't know is that one of the cross country "Stooges" took the Gray Kitten out and pushed her nose in the mud. We won't mention any names but there were only four people in the plane and Tinsley won't tell, neither will Davis and Schendler so we're still wondering.

Understand the Seminole Gang is planning a big party with the 25 cents they're taking from our students and instructors. Remember Jesse James and Robin Hood?

Hi, Cookie

At last the worst has come and Mrs. Betty Hair Lightholder has left, and even though Cora Lee "Cookie" Cook is doing a swell job, here is one person that really regrets Betty's leaving for more reasons than one; but just bear with us and we'll try and keep you posted on the whys and wherefores around the Municipal base.

Well, you can see that all this would be written in the standard run of the mill manner and we wouldn't want to write anything like that, so don't know just what we will do. Have to go now and take our vitamin pills.

TECH TALK

by Dorothy Burton

(Is that woman back again?)

At the Eleventh Hour! Florence McMann, Tech Talk's guest writer for the week, received a telegram from the U. S. Engineers Office of the War Dept. requesting her immediate presence. Altho her superiors were exceedingly sorry to lose her they accepted the resignation in good part. Florence's popularity with the entire personnel was unquestioned and to all whom she could not see to say goodbye personally she wished it to be said through this means. (What Latin American student may pine and grow thin and pale at this news?) Florence promises to be with you all again at the Deauville "doings."

Eleventh Hour

At the Eleventh Hour! trying to pinch-hit for a guest writer (Bud, you warned me this would happen!) and deliver a column in three hours which invariably takes eight to write and four to rewrite if you're not a professional or just naturally glib or if the excavator by the window is going like mad and which it is.

(Interruption number one—two knowledge seekers want data on brake diagams. Jim Blakeley, Director of Military Training and notorious tease, would happen to be in the Library just at that moment and heckle for all he is worth. The day was saved by the appearance of A. W. Throgmorton, who majestically appeared in the doorway to engage Mr. Blakeley in lofty matters).

Sad News

The other sad news of the week was the resignation of Cecilia Hill Hancock, Registrar's Office. Cecilia likewise succumbed to the lure of the government service and has gone to Civil Service. The government service is a good place to work, but, oh! how they are going to miss the glamor of Embry-Riddle.

Thumbnail Sketches

So Mr. Varney has been extra, ultra, colossal, super, jumbo busy getting handsome new girls so we won't mourn too long for departed friends and now we have:

Mary P. McGuirt, whom you all know as "Patsy," who is responsible for getting you to the office in the morning via the elevator. Her pet aversion is too many bells ringing in her ears at once, so if you want to keep in her good graces perhaps mental telepathy is the answer. Patsy is a graduate of Edison High, has lived in Miami all her life, is well travelled, and likes to sew.

New Runner

Elizabeth V. Hall, or Betty, is the fleet-footed new runner whose red sandals twinkle all over the building. She is likewise a Miamian and Edison High girl. Loves swimming, horses and her Spitz dog, but hates "wolves." Lila Texas Nicholson, three guesses where she was born, is holding forth in the Department of Admissions. As Betty Jo Beller might say, "Lila is not married but attached and unafraid." Her hobby is reading.

Another "not married but attached and unafraid" is Gene Bryan, who graduated from Florida State College for Women in

1941 and has been teaching in Naples, Florida, where life is busy and the hustle and bustle of the 1200 population reminds one of 42nd and B'way on New Year's Eve. Gene is grateful for the peace and quiet of little Miami where she can cultivate her fondness for making scrap-books and her aversion for lettuce. Her residence in the building is "Auditing."

Suntanned Mary Jo

In a metropolis where sun tans are not news, Mary Jo Milligan, secretary to Lee Malmsten, is making it news by having so beautiful a tan. She has lived here but two years and spends all her leisure in bicycling, swimming, playing ping pong and running from our famous scorpions and land crabs. Mary Jo was schooled in Ohio and has until recently been a teacher in a private school in Coconut Grove.

Water Colorist

Thelma Norton, Payroll Dept., is married and her hobby is orchids. She specializes in water colors and plans to hold an exhibition in the Library at some future date. Her years have been spent in Florida with education taking place in Fort Lauderdale. She was formerly employed by the Dodge Motor Co. and has a pet Shepherd dog.

New Radio Instructor

In Radio Dept. the new instructor of the intermediate class is Walter Hunter, with two degrees in physics and working on his Doctorate. Mr. Hunter is from Enid, Oklahoma and was formerly an instructor at the Spartan School. He has been engaged at the University of Oklahoma in research on electron tubes.

Briefs

John Keelin, Admissions, leaves for the Army on July 13th. Daphne Banks, Purchasing, nursing poison ivy. Virginia Hunter now with Registrar. LIEUTENANT BUD BELLAND OF THE U. S. NAVY. Virgil Kitrell and Howard Beazell attending U. of Miami nites. Paul Baker's new addition to the family, "TAR," a Scottie formerly owned by Betty Harrington. Stag party given by Major Field and Captain Stetson. Gertrude Bohres, bride of five months, getting books to read nites now that her husband has gone into the Service. Dr. and Helen Drabeck vacationed in Chicago where the handsome Dr. took his State Board. He will enter the Service on July 1st, and the School will have to form a club for Service widows if this keeps on.





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At the Deauville

Moonlight and Breezes

On account of moonlight and soft breezes, the terrace was the most popular place for dancing Saturday night at the weekly Victory Vacation party. Over 150 persons attended and reports are favorable: not too many people, not too few; not too hot, not too cold; not too sedate, not too hilarious.

Highlight

Highlight of the evening was the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Boss Riddle, with their very international party, consisting of Group Captains D. V. Carnegie and Airie, of the British Air Commission in Washington, and several Latin-American cadets. Boss R. and company seemed to be enjoying themselves, and well pleased with the affair.

Sidelights

Colleen Breslin-Britton talking to David Beatty . . . Jimmy Gilmore, Municipal instructor, eying all the females, particularly the one by his side, Cora "Cookie" Cook, the gal who is taking Betty Lightholder's place.

Our esteemed correspondent, Jack Hopkins, from Clewiston, was very much present, and accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Roy Hopkins, who is here with Jack spending a few days with Frosty Jones, former Riddle Field pilot, now with Eastern Airlines. It's Mrs. Hopkins first trip to Florida.

Short Short Story: Two old acquaintances bumped into each other on the dance floor. They had met previously in a town many thousands of miles away—Buenos Aires in Argentina. The Gal: Martha Melvin, of Palm Beach. The Guy: Fito Montero, Latin-American student from Argentina. They had last seen each other in December . . .

Dot Schooley waltzing . . . Betty Harrington dancing with E. E. Carpenter of Clewiston, Carlos Noriega and Boss Riddle in quick succession . . . Mr. Paul Baker, the parachute man, and his wife at a table . . . Mr. and Mrs. Roy Zion with Mary Frances Perner, Main Office P.B.X. operator, and her husband, Private P., who was down from Ft. Bragg, N. C., on leave . . . Mr. and Mrs. Art Barr. . . Tommy Teate from Clewiston with his petite and pretty wife, in a deep discussion with Ray Morders.

Overnighters

Overnight visitors at the Deauville from Clewiston and Arcadia were W. R. Ten Eyck, W. N. Stone-

burner, R. A. Payne, F. D. Pearson, M. Hodson, H. Roberts, R. Griffin, M. S. Ainsley, R. W. Beveridge, E. R. Parry, C. Campbell, C. Nixon, R. C. R. Lean, R. D. Truscott, E. E. Carpenter, Mrs. Roy Hopkins and Jack Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Teate.

From Miami, but spending the night at the hotel, were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lind, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Brierton, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Thomson, I. Getter, E. M. Abrams, Mrs. M. Eubanks, Miss L. Sugmaster, Marty C. Warren, Betty Harrington, Lucille Valliere, Dorothy Schooley, Florence McMann, Madge Kessler, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kight, C. Noriega, P. Lewis, A. Sisco, A. Montero, Mr. G. Bourne, R. F. Schulz, T. Harris, Ruth Meyer, R. Machado, C. Medeiros.

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

LETTER OF THE WEEK

Bud Belland, Editor
Fly Paper

Dear Sir:

Statistics prove that four out of five people read poetry. Also three out of five like it. Two out of five inhale it and one of the bunch understand it.

As a bit of constructive criticism I believe snacks of the stuff

here and there would help—once I happened to edit a school paper. I offer the following tripe having made the rounds of all the bases and being mightily impressed.

UNDER AN AT's WING

*Under the wing of a sleek A. T.
They sat and they softly sighed
But they didn't know as they looked
aloft*

That a hero they knew had died.

*They didn't know that the silvery
ship*

*That slid 'tween the twinkling
stars*

*Had been the perch for many a
trip*

Of a man who sailed toward Mars.

*When training was over away he
flew*

*To help play a hand of right.
When parleys failed, the tempest
grew,*

*No mind—'twas might against
might.*

*To battle he went; the foe he
stopped*

*Downed one — then four — now
seven!*

*The eighth he missed — they
thought he had dropped.*

*How wrong! He had flown to
heaven!*

*Ventured by EKAG of the in-
ventory crew.*

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